

FLOOR A BEAR PIT, GALLERIES A FANCY DRESS PARTY, SAYS GEORGE ADE

HARMONIOUS AS WILDCATS, SAYS GEORGE ADE OF ACTORS IN THE BIG CHICAGO SHOW

Characteristic Impressions of the Convention Written to the Home Folks by the County Chairman.

BY GEORGE ADE.
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Chicago, June 18.

To Vance Jimmison, at Antioch, Ind.

MY DEAR VANCE—We have had one spasm and we are still sparring and talking through our teeth. Mighty few of the expected things happened. The big ruction is simply postponed. As I sit here this evening, with my finger on the pulse of the fever stricken patient, I make the count to be at least 146 per minute.

I've sifted this much out of the horrible situation. It is the biggest and deepest and most dangerous quarrel that ever started in the party. It can't be patched up. The two factions are just as harmonious this evening as a nest of wildcats. Anybody who sat above them in the arena to-day and watched them snarl and bark and claw at one another will tell you that there isn't going to be any compromise. Somebody is going to the hospital in the ambulance, and about the same time there will be a divorce or a violent separation with due notice in the papers that so and so had left somebody else, bed and board, and is not to be regarded as a member of the family.

Nearly every Republican Convention in my time has developed a good spirited scrap, the kind needed to promote circulation at the beginning of a campaign. The Grant fight and the Blaine fight and the Free silver tussle are pleasant memories. Delegates went home in June hopping mad, vowing that they would never come back to the reservation. Along about August the bands would begin to play "Rally Around the Flag." Democratic orators would get busy and begin to roast the party of Lincoln and Grant, and by Sept. 15 at least 98 per cent. of the regulars would be up at headquarters saking for an issue of guns and cartridges.

REAL WAR OF A CRIMSON VARIETY.

A good many of the old-timers are sitting around to-night professing to hope that by some miraculous waving of the olive branch Francis Heney and Bill Barnes will be rooming together next October, while Kansas will be taking instructions from Murray Crane. I can't see it. I have heard conventions that made more noise, but there was a note of good old 1861-67 hatred in the outcries to-day that signified real war of a crimson variety.

You will read all about it in the morning, but you can't possibly get any idea of what a dandy spectacle it was. The main floor was a bear pit part of the time, but the galleries were one stupendous fancy dress garden party all the time. Imagine the biggest bowl in the world filled with flowers, trimmed around the edges with silk flags and sprinkled with sunshine, and you will have some idea of the Coliseum as it looked this afternoon.

If the Republican party is going to die this week, as per various announcements, it would surely be laid out in a most ornate caquet and the music will be first class. We swarmed out there expecting to find the galleries loaded with urous families who were going to bullyrag the poor delegates and turn the proceedings into a riot. Instead of that we found thousands of women rigged up like butterflies with the men scattered among them and simply awed into behaving themselves. We went out looking for a massacre and found ourselves at a Maude Adams matinee. That was how it looked at the get-away.

After a time we had a run for our money. As resident of a pivotal State, I found myself in a gallery seat just above Mr. Longworth and Alice and less than one hundred feet from William Jennings, who was huddled up with the newspaper youngsters, grinning like a cat and apparently having the time of his young life. It was great. There I sat, a humble wire-puller from the tall grass, feasting my eyes on all the thirty-third degree politicians of the largest machine that ever went up the pike. I felt like a member of the grammar school team sitting on the bleachers and watching Ty Cobb.

AS A VAUDEVILLE SHOW, GOOD IN SPOTS.

Going to a convention is hard work. You are cramped on a hard board for weary hours at a stretch with total strangers resting their elbows on your floating ribs, but all the time you are keyed up by the hope that some one with a national reputation will start something that you can go home and talk about all next winter. Furthermore, it's a good deal of a privilege to sit there watching Nick and Alice eat sandwiches out of a paper sack, while Bryan is sharpening his pencil. George Perkins is looking at his finger nails and a venerable Senator of the United States is up on the scaffold shaking his fist at the shrieking delegates from Illinois.

As a vaudeville show it was good in spots. A few headlines and some more that will never again appear on any stage. They were mighty punk, but at a time like this the many must suffer in order that a few four-flushers may have a brief taste of glory.

Times are changing. Not one of the performers wore a Prince Albert. Many of them looked more like real human beings than politicians. All of the speeches were made on an exposed plateau extending out from the big platform. Every time a pale orator moved out to assume a splendid isolation and lift his poor little voice in a passionate demand for just and fair play, one of the reporters tiptoed out behind him and grabbed the silvery utterances as they fell, crouched behind the spellbinder like an assassin. You people at home will get a lot of this valuable talk that never came to you in the galleries.

As I said before, it all started out like an afternoon reception. When the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" hundreds of women joined in with their timid little sopranoes. Then Father Callahan, a tall, good-looking young priest, led in the Lord's Prayer and the delegates bowed their heads and mumbled it with him, not even omitting the part about forgiving those who sin against us. By this time the proceedings suggested a class meeting, and the Press Gallery seemed a little restless and disappointed.

"AFTERNOON TEA" SESSION ENDED RIGHT THERE.

Then Mr. Hadley arose and demanded the expulsion of the black sheep, and the insurgents sounded the battle cry, and the subsequent proceedings don't have any of the earmarks of an afternoon tea or a prayer meeting.

Hadley is a good-looking fellow of a calm ministerial type. He started the delegates to talking back. Gov. Fort of New Jersey nagged them a little more. The Governor looks like a prosperous broker. He was terribly in earnest, but his intentions were stronger than his voice. We saw a pugy little man, with silvery hair and mustache, come out and stir up the animals to a discord of yelps and protests and a promising assortment of personal insults. Some one said it was Seneca Payne of New York.

The Taft men gave Jim Watson from our State the first wild outburst of old-fashioned noise. Jim had on a brown outaway and his hair was thrown back. He wagged his head and waved his arms and pleaded for regularity.

By this time the celebrities began to come thick and fast. Job Hedges of New York is a stock underized man, with a fine Eastern twang. He is a good soldier and a real comedian.

Johnson of California! We had been awaiting to see him. He is a block of a man with a smooth face and a square jaw, and he was spilling for battle. They yowled at him and he fought back and everything was so delirious and noisy that we began to feel that the convention would be a success.

Mrs. Alice Longworth on Her Way From Convention Hall in Chicago

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.



MRS. ALICE LONGWORTH

made the other fellows raving mad simply by glaring at them, which proves that he has a real instinct for politics even if he can't talk. Heney of San Francisco was a star feature of the noise fest. He wore a bob-tailed coat and a linen vest and had three badges and shook his fist against the sound waves.

COCHEMS THROBS LIKE A GAS ENGINE.

Cochems, from Wisconsin, is a husky footballer with a penetrating voice, and when he talks he throbs like a gas engine.

Senator Bradley of Kentucky looks like P. T. Barnum. Did you ever see a scraggy old man stand on a pedestal and quarrel madly with several hundred shrieking Comanches? It was well worth seeing.

We never did hear Victor Rosewater. We didn't even see him. But out of all the pantomimes, and the whoops and howls and fragments of rhetoric, we finally got it settled up in our section of the gallery that everything had been over-ruled, and that Elihu Root of New York and Gov. McGovern of Wisconsin had been nominated for Temporary Chairman.

Then followed the longest roll call in the history of the world, and you know the rest. Mr. Root won in spite of the fact that he is from New York. Years ago I adopted a rule that has proved to be fairly safe. I find out what the New York delegation is predicting and then I copper the prediction. Every four years I see the well dressed dignitaries of the Empire State come sweeping into town supremely confident that they are going to superintend all the proceedings. At the end of the week they start home with nothing to show except a lot of black and blue marks. They failed to nominate Seward in 1890 after having an apparent clinch, and from that day to this they haven't put across a Republican candidate.

Roosevelt was drafted from New York by the Middle West and Far West. Just as Cleveland was named in 1862 in spite of the fact that his own State was bowling against him.

WHY THEY ALL TAKE A FALL OUT OF NEW YORK.

New York is so big and important and has so many votes and looms up so big in all tabulations, that the delegates simply can't help feeling a little cocky and superior. They have to lean over when they talk to the boys from Nebraska and Montana. Consequently, about the first order of business at a convention after getting committees appointed is to frame up a sure fire plan for rolling New York around in the dust.

If the Colonel should be nominated this week with the whole New York delegation plugging against him, he will simply repeat history. It's human nature. The country kid with the gingham shirt and the trousers freely ventilated in the rear has got no earthly use for the city cousin with the golden curls and knickerbockers.

New York says that T. R. and the Progressive programme are going to be put into the scrap heap. Maybe so, but if Mr. Barnes wants to make sure he had better come out for the Colonel early to-morrow morning. If I were Senator Dixon I would get out a bogus circular calling on all the delegates to rally around the peerless Empire State, home of wealth and wisdom and social superiority, and put the final kibosh on the vulgar pretender. Such appeal would grind the soul of every delegate West of Buffalo and probably disintegrate the Taft following. Besides it would be much cleaner politics than some that have been put across this week.

You people living out in the dry belt will be interested to know that the per capita consumption of red liquor at conventions is steadily decreasing. I am almost forced to the conclusion that it is no longer fashionable for patriots to get lit up before starting in to save the country. I have seen several millions of people since yesterday morning and have spotted perhaps a dozen unmistakable jags, most of them fool boys from the country who have nothing to do with the real proceedings.

When the first big Republican Convention was held just across the street fifty-two years ago, the New York crowd had a big love feast at the old Tremont House the night before the balloting began. They uncorked 200 bottles of champagne, and before they came to Lincoln was nominated. I'm not trying to tell you boys the routine news. I am merely passing you a few observations of a man sitting on what is left of a fence.

One of the amazing features of this hurrah week is that no one has found time to talk about our beloved President up at Washington. The stand-patters are so darned busy—and Roosevelt—that they have neglected their pro-Tafting. The windjammers in the lobbies and on the street corners either curse Teddy in black phrases or shout him aloud as the archangel of political righteousness.

If I were Mr. Taft I would be pleased. The kind of talk we are getting these days won't do any one a bit of good. Wait for the big show is coming. Yours, still apprehensively, JIM HACKLER, County Chairman.

COLONEL'S ATTACK ON ROOT, WITH NEW BOLT THREAT, DIVIDES HIS OWN CAMP

Perkins, Borah and Others Object to Angry Speech to Delegates as "Going Too Far" and Try to Suppress It—Pleases the More Radical.

BY LINDSAY DENISON,

Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.

CHICAGO, JUNE 19, ROOSEVELT HEADQUARTERS, CONGRESS HOTEL.—The speech which was delivered to the Roosevelt delegates late last night by Theodore Roosevelt was made public this morning. The meeting was secret.

Some of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters, notably George W. Perkins, it is understood, and to a certain extent Senator Borah, objected to the angry and sneering attack of the Colonel on his former friend and cherished adviser, Elihu Root. Others thought he went too strongly into the realm of threat when he said in closing: "Full opportunity will be given to the honestly elected delegates of this convention to purge the roll of the delegates dishonestly placed there by the action of the National Committee, but if they fail to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them, the action of the convention is binding on no honest man."

Mr. Roosevelt gave definite orders that the speech should be given to the press and went to bed.

Hours later, after many evasions by the opponents of the utterance, it was given out.

It was a stormy night about the convention, where most of them were delegates or alternates or proxies, he spoke with no one save members of his family or one or two close friends and attendants. For most of the afternoon he sat in a comfortable chair near a telephone which was on a direct line to the Convention Hall. Now and then, when the door of his office opened, his voice could be heard giving swift and short messages which were so simple that it seemed never necessary for him to explain them.

Outside, in Grant Park, a conscientious band employed by the Roosevelt National Committee, and having no assignment to go to the Coliseum, gathered under the Colonel's window and tried to entertain him with one or another of the convention classics, "Everybody's Doing It," "A Hot Time in the Old Town," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Star Spangled Banner." If he even so much as acknowledged the consideration of the musicians by appearing at the window nobody knew it.

A few hundred idlers gathered about the band whenever a tune was started and watched for him, then drifted apart when the blaring and the booming stopped.

Several hundred persons gathered before the door of T. R.'s office here.

Most of them went up to "get a look at Teddy." The police could not stir them. A fool from the Illinois delegation ordered a band into the press and, after half an hour, succeeded in wedding the musicians to the very centre of the crowd. The band played, and the stairs choked solid. Nobody could move either way for a while.

Patiently and with remarkable poise the police moved away at the edge of the mass until danger of a panic was averted. Then the band was painstakingly taken out, man by man, and thrown down the back stairs. After this a path as wide as a man's shoulders was made by fairly pawing the crowd apart by main force. Through this path the Colonel walked rapidly from his own door to the door of the room where the delegates were assembled.

His face was white, his features were set. His eyes were not searching the faces about him; they looked straight before him. People howled in his ears, applauded, tried to paw him over. He paid not the slightest attention. He strode down the hall, up the steps of the meeting room, stopped with raised hand the cheers which met him and launched into his attack on Senator Root as a knowing benefactor of fraud and theft, and then absolved all Republicans from any allegiance to the acts of this Convention so long as the present roll is allowed to stand, as set by the national committee.

Theodore Roosevelt, the real leader of the movement for his own nomination, stayed close in his rooms in the Congress Hotel all day, while the lighters for himself and Mr. Taft were wrestling at the Coliseum. After the

quarters and camped out patiently to get a look at the leader of progress in lieu of witnessing the big spectacle out on Wabash avenue. Six times their patience was rewarded when he moved between his living rooms and his consultation offices and back again with a flying guard of policemen and private attendants, waving his arms and calling greetings to friends and strangers alike. From 9:30 o'clock until nearly noon practically all of his loaders were in consultation with him. At the very last moment word reached him that the plan to corral the La Follette delegates by nominating Gov. McGovern for Temporary Chairman would get the full strength of the La Follette delegates. There was nothing better to be done, and he ordered the ratification of his agreement with as many of the Wisconsin men as would tie up to it. The Colonel knew, as the last of his Field Marshals departed for the scene of battle, that McGovern could not be elected, but he was confident of a showing against the Taft organization which would show how formidable was his opposition. It may be said, on the best of authority, that he got four more votes for McGovern, first and last, than he expected.

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